

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE, UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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Miscellaneous.

Startling Revelations OF LIFE IN THE OLD WORLD.

[From the New York World.]

The federal capital of the ancient republic of Switzerland is just now in a tremor of excitement over the judicial denouement of one of the darkest and most appalling tragedies of domestic life which have ever come to the light, even in this age of startling "sensations."

The interest with which all France hung upon the details of the crime of the Count de La Pommerais, the fashionable homeopathic physician of Paris, who first insured his patients lives, and then poisoned them, is more than equalled by the eager and tremulous curiosity with which the public of Berne are watching the successive revelations which the law is making in its close investigation into the guilt of Dr. Hermann Demme, one of the most brilliant and promising young men of science in Switzerland, charged with conspiring with the wife of one of his most intimate friends to poison that friend, whose young daughter was, at the same time his betrothed wife.

We condense from our late foreign files the main outlines of this fearful story, which throws into the shade the darkest pictures ever drawn, even by the pencil of Belshazzar, of the human heart and its interior possibilities of evil.

Hermann Demme is a young man not thirty years of age. His father is a distinguished professor of the University of Berne, and the son, early introduced by him to the study of the science, has for several years been looked upon as one of the future glories of the republic. He was sent at the expense of the confederation into Italy in 1859 to study the French system of ambulances, and the whole hospital service of the French armies. He has published a work on military surgery, which had made for him a name in Germany as well as in Switzerland, and which secured him an invitation to act as a collaborator on one of the most important medical journals of Germany. Of late he had devoted his attention particularly to toxicology; and a recent treatise of his on the effects of strychnine and curare was quoted, but the other day, with commendation, in the Paris *Revue Des Deux Mondes*.

Hermann Demme wears in his physiognomy all the evidences of his intellectual rank. He has a high open forehead; short brown curling hair; his face is pale, and its most marked characteristics are energy and thoughtfulness.

Two years ago Dr. Demme was summoned to attend a certain Madame Trumpy; then a woman thirty-eight years of age, still handsome, but of a singularly nervous and excitable character. In a quarrel with her husband, the latter had flung a lamp at her which struck her in the face and destroyed one of her eyes. Dr. Demme saved her life, but could not save her eye; and at the earnest entreaty, both of the husband and the wife, he suppressed the circumstances of this misfortune. Mr. Trumpy, the husband who took such liberties was a banker of Berne, living in a charming house called Wabern, situated on the Aar, at the foot of the mountain opposite Berne. He was still in the prime of life, and was well known in the city as a financial operator and daring speculator; a man living like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth; to-day almost a millionaire, and next week almost a bankrupt, but always living in a free and dashing sort of style—such a man, in short, as one may see by the score in Wall street between 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. He made such advances to Dr. Demme as resulted in a close intimacy. Dr. Demme first became a regular guest at the Wabern dinner table, and then had a chamber set apart for him in the house. When the Trumpys went traveling, Demme joined them, and in this way they visited together, during the first year of their acquaintance, Jerusalem and the East; and, during the second year, Italy.

On the 15th of February last, Gaspard Trumpy, whose affairs were at that time in a particularly embarrassing condition, thanks to his connection with a certain speculator named Helwing, was taken very ill during the night. Demme had for some days been attending him for a painful disorder under which he was suffering, in consequence of certain excesses in his way of living. He insisted that Demme should sit up with him, and that nobody else should. The next morning he died. Shortly afterwards Dr. Demme was betrothed to the only daughter of the deceased, a young lady of seventeen.

Down to this time the death of Trumpy

had been regarded as natural, and the whole matter passed quiet out of the mind of all but those directly concerned, when Berne was electrified by Madame Trumpy's denunciation of her intended son-in-law as the assassin of her husband, and as her own guilty lover! This extraordinary denunciation was made in a letter of which the following is an extract:

"As I have told you I have too much upon my heart. I suffer; my conscience gives me no rest. Yes! I am an accused woman. I have been guilty of every vice, of every excess. I have been guilty of falsehood, theft, adultery, and I have ended by becoming the assassin of my husband. It is by my fault, and through my example, that my husband and my child have become wicked. I have sown evil around me. I have fallen myself, and in my fall have dragged down my nearest family. I have passed part of my life alternately as a victim and a seducer. A man came into my house as a friend, he became my lover, and the assassin of my husband. Ah, I deserve all possible chastisements. Whatever penalties you may inflict upon me, I deserve them all. They are an expiation. I resign myself to everything! I submit to my destiny."

Upon this denunciation of Madame Trumpy, she herself and Dr. Demme were arrested, and the remains of Mr. Trumpy were subjected to a chemical examination. And here we are introduced to a new and most striking feature in this extraordinary case. For some time no traces of poison could be found in the body; nor were any of the effects of the best known poison observable in it. Dr. Schwarzenbach, one of the examiners, after testing in vain for morphine and quinine, suddenly thought by accident of strychnine, applied the test, and when he saw the violet tinge appear, which revealed the deadly presence, started back, as he himself says "horror-struck." But the strychnine thus detected had neither produced the cramps by which its fatal action is attended nor had it passed beyond the small intestines. It had evidently not been long enough in the body to cause death!

How was this accounted for? One professor, Dr. Hausmann, supposes that Trumpy, weary of his financial troubles, took strychnine; and that before it had reached the liver, a shock of horror at his own act sent the blood to his brain, and caused his death by apoplexy, the swift mental emotion outrunning thus the more material minister of death!

This hypothesis would, of course, acquit Dr. Demme. But in what a hideous light must Madame Trumpy then remain?

We shall revert to this terrible feature in the case presently, pausing now to point out another and scarcely less dreadful complication toward which the revelations of the chemical examination apparently tend.

One of the examiners, Mr. Emmert, is known to entertain a deep and bitter jealousy of Professor Demme, the father of the accused. An anonymous letter produced in court, and in the handwriting of Madame Emmert, was used by the advocate of the prisoner to introduce, or at least to hint, the frightful suggestion that the poison found in the body had been put there by Dr. Emmert as a means of vengeance upon the two Demmes! But the younger Demme has since avowed that he himself wrote this letter and counterfeited Madame Emmert's handwriting in order to throw the law upon this track! He maintains, however, that anonymous letters had previously been written to himself and to Madame Trumpy, which he believes to have come from Madame Emmert. All this secondary plot will be unravelled by the examination of Madame Emmert and by the researches of experts in handwriting.

Meanwhile the main force of the drama is concentrated upon the conduct and character of Madame Trumpy. Whether Demme be guilty or innocent, it is impossible to imagine anything more shocking than the moral phenomenon which this personage of the terrible story presents.

Madame Trumpy is described as a devout Catholic, belonging to that class of which the author of "Le Maudit" has drawn so powerful a sketch in his picture of the female devotees of the parish of St. Aventin. At once cold and passionate, ardent and cruel, she appears at the successive stages of this strange history as half woman and half panther. She talks calmly with him whom she accuses of being her lover about the way in which he shall conduct the post mortem examination of her husband's dead body! She first throws her own daughter if her story be true, into the arms of her own lover, and then ruins her peace of mind for life

by publicly exposing the whole fearful history. If her story be false, she murders the happiness of her child and takes the life of an innocent man, in order to gratify the savage thirst of a disappointed passion. Her demeanor before the tribunal speaks terribly against her. It is described as strangely calm and self-possessed. That any woman not physically, mentally, or morally mad should thus bear herself while trampling under foot all the instincts not only of maternal tenderness but of personal shame, is simply impossible.

The blind rage of Phœdra driving her helplessly into crime and death finds its modern counterpart in this Swiss woman of the nineteenth century; and one is tempted to ask one's self how far, after all, we are justified in our habitual boastings of the absolute moral superiority of our Christian civilization over that of Greece and Rome, when the veil blown aside for a moment by Providence from one or another home in Christendom reveals such glimpses as this into the hearts of its inmates.

The trial of Dr. Demme and Madame Trumpy was still going on when the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, of November 2d, says of it: "The revelations of the first week were in the highest degree startling and absorbing. The trial swallows up the whole attention of the community. The accused, Demme, seemed during the last two days more deeply moved than before. His father Professor Demme, is constantly with him. The sympathies of the public will go with them. . . . The trial will hardly end before Thursday or Friday of next week. After the evidence shall have been put in, it is expected that the pleadings will occupy at least two days."

A COON UNDER THE CHINOLINE.—We witnessed an amusing incident on one of our suburban streets, last Saturday. A fashionable young lady, got up in the highest style of the milliner's art, and arrayed in all the glory of five dollar a yard silk, a twenty dollar bonnet, and a three hundred dollar shawl, was majestically sweeping along in the direction of the Fair Ground, while just behind a little boy was leading a pet coon.

A countryman in a brown slouched hat and a linsey woolsey "warmus," came along, followed by a "yallah" dog, whose nose was scoured diagonally transversely and latterly with the scars of many a fiercely contested battle with members of the racoon family. Tiger no sooner saw the ring tailed representative of his ancient enemy, than he made a frantic dive for him, accompanied by a furious bark. Cooney comprehended the situation at a glance, bolted incontinently and sought a sanctuary beneath the ample circumference of the young lady's chinoline.

The young lady screamed, while the dog made rapid circles, sniffing the air, and evidently bewildered to know what had become of the coon. The situation of the young lady was critical and embarrassing. She was afraid to move for fear the coon would bite, and the coon declined to leave his retreat until the dog retired. Finally the dog was stoned off, the boy dragged the coon from his hiding place, and the young lady went her way with the lively consciousness of having experienced a new sensation. As for the coon he was instantly killed.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE COST OF SUBSTITUTES.—On a call of 500,000 men it would cost three hundred and fifty million of dollars to fill it, at the price per man (\$700) now paid for substitutes in Hartford. And if Connecticut's quota is 11,000, as it probably will be, it would cost the people of our State seven millions, seven hundred and seventy thousand dollars, at the same rate.

This tax, provided the quota should be filled by substitutes at this rate, would be greater than the entire internal revenue and tax on foreign importations; and this, too, for barely securing the men, without a uniform on their backs, or a ration in their hands.

If Russia quailed under an expenditure of two hundred millions of dollars a year in the Crimean war, what is to become of this country one of these days, at the rate we are sailing?—*Hartford Times*.

Prentice says "an industrious searcher after the marvelous is busy making a collection of the various forms of oaths administered to American citizens under the present Administration. We understand that he has already collected nine hundred and forty-seven varieties. We don't know whether the collection includes Andy Johnson's variety."

Webster's LETTER TO HIS MANAGER.

WASHINGTON, March 17th, 1852.—"John Taylor; Go ahead. The heart of the winter is broken, and before the first day of April all your land may be ploughed. Buy the oxen of Capt. Marston if you think the price fair. Pay for the hay. I send you a check for \$160 for these two objects. Put the great oxen in a condition to be turned out and fattened. You have a good horse team, and I think in addition to this, four oxen and a pair of four year old steers will do your work. If you think so, then dispose of the Stevens oxen, or unyoke them and send them to pasture for beef. I know not when I shall see you, but I hope before planting. If you need anything, such as guano, for instance, write to Joseph Breck, Esq., and he will send it to you."

"Whatever ground you sow or plant, see that it is in good condition. We want no *penumbral crops*. 'A little farm well tilled' is to a farmer the next best thing to 'a little wife well willed.' Cultivate your garden. Be sure to produce sufficient quantities of useful vegetables. A man may half support his family from a good garden. Take care to keep my mother's garden in good order, even if it costs you the wages of a man to take care of it. I have sent you many garden seeds. Distribute them among your neighbors. Send them to the stores in the village, that everybody may have a part of them without cost. I am glad that you have chosen Mr. Pike representative. He is a true man; but there are in New Hampshire many persons who call themselves whigs—are no whigs at all, and no better than disunionists. Any man who hesitates in granting and securing to every part of the country its constitutional rights is an enemy to the whole country."

"John Taylor:—If one of your boys should say that he honors his father and mother, and loves his brothers and sisters, but still insists that one of them should be driven out of the family, what can you say of him but this, that there is no real family love in him? You and I are farmers; we never talk politics; our talk is of oxen; but remember this: that any man who attempts to excite one part of the country against another, is just as wicked as he would be who should attempt to get up a quarrel between John Taylor and his neighbor, Captain Burleigh. There are some animals that live best in the fire; and there are some men who delight in heat, smoke, combustion and even general conflagration. They do not follow the things that make for peace. They enjoy only controversy, contention and strife. Have no communication with such persons, either as neighbors or politicians. You have no more right to say that slavery ought not to exist in Virginia than a Virginian has to say that slavery ought to exist in New Hampshire. This is a question left to every State to decide for itself; and if we mean to keep the States together, we must leave to every State this power of deciding for itself."

"I think I never wrote you a word before on politics. I shall not do it again. I only say, love your country, and your whole country; and when men attempt to persuade you to get into a quarrel with the laws of other States, tell them that 'you mean to mind your own business,' and advise them to mind theirs. John Taylor you are a free man; you possess good principles; you have a large family to rear and provide for by your labor. Be thankful to the Government that does not oppress you, which does not bear you down by excessive taxation, but which holds out to you and yours the hope of all the blessings which liberty, industry and security may give. John Taylor, thank God, morning and evening, that you were born in such a country. John Taylor, never write me another word upon politics. Give my kindest remembrance to your wife and children; and when you look from your eastern windows upon the graves of my family remember that he who is the author of this letter must soon follow them to another world."

DANIEL WEBSTER."

Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist once met a free and easy actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days, at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of —, without an invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that, as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms each would suppose that the other had asked him and so it turned out.

A gentleman complaining of the income tax, says he cannot put on his boots in the morning without a stamp.

How Tastes Differ.

Remair relates, on the authority of M. Dela Hire, that a young French lady could never resist the temptation of eating a spider whenever she met with one in her walks. They are said to taste like nuts, at least this was the opinion of the celebrated Taria Schurman, who not only eat them, but justified her taste by saying that she was born under scorpions. Laitrille informs us that the astronomer Laine was equally fond of this offensive morsel. Man is truly an omnivorous animal, for there is nothing which is disgusting to one nation that is not the choicest food of another. Flesh, fish, fowl, insect, even the gigantic centipedes of Brazil, many of them a foot and a half in length and a half an inch broad, were seen by Humboldt to be dragged out of their holes and crunched alive by the children.

Serpents of all sorts have been consumed as food, as the host of the celebrated inn at Terracini frequently accosts his guests as politely "requesting to know if they prefer the eel of the hedge or the eel of the ditch." To evince this attachment to their favorite pursuit most naturalists seem to consider it dispensable to taste and recommend some insect or other. Darwin assures that the caterpillar of the hawkmoth is delicious; Kirby and Spencer think the ant good eating and push their etomological zeal so far as to distinguish between the flavor of the abdomen and thorax; and Remir recommends the caterpillar of the plastic gramma as delicious dish. How much we eat and upon how much we might live, are curious matters of speculation and in an article on the subject in an English review we find the following suggestive facts:

The accounts which travelers give of the quantity of food that can be consumed are extraordinary. Sir John Ross estimated that an Esquimaux will eat perhaps twenty pounds of flesh and oil daily. Compare this with Valentine's six pounds, or with Canaro's twelve ounces of solids and fourteen ounces of wine. Captain Parry tried as a matter of curiosity how much an Esquimaux lad who was scarcely full grown would consume, if left to himself, and weighed the following articles before being given.

He was twenty hours getting through them and certainly did not consider the quantity extraordinary: Sea horse-flesh, hard froze, four pounds four ounces; do. boiled, four pounds four ounces, bread and bread dust, one pound and twelve ounces. To this must be added one and a quarter pints of rich gravy soup, three wine glasses of raw spirits, one tumbler-full of strong grog, one gallon of water.

Capt Cochrane, in his "Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary," relates that the Admiral Saritcheff was informed that one of the yakutis ate in four and twenty hours, the hind quarters of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for his drink.

To test the truth of the statement, the admiral gave him a thick porridge of rice boiled down with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty eight pounds, and although the glutton had already breakfasted, he sat down to it with great eagerness, and consumed the whole without stirring from the spot. Captain Cochrane also states that he has seen three Yakutis devour a reindeer at a meal; and a calf weighing about two hundred pounds is not two much for a meal for five of these gluttons.

Some caterpillars eat double their weight in food; a cow eats forty-six pounds daily, a mouse eats eight times as much in proportion to its own weight as is eaten by a man. But when such facts are cited, we must bear in mind the enormous differences in the nature of the food thus weighed, their relative amounts of water, and the indigestible material. The same caution is requisite in speaking of a man's diet.

A greenhorn desires to know why crockery ware dealers are unlike all other shopkeepers; and adds, very innocently "because it won't do for them to crack their goods."

Men speak of men's virtues when they are dead; and all tombstones are marked with epitaphs of good and virtue. Is there any particular cemetery where bad men are buried?

A debtor that can't pay is apt to run away. Like lightning, if he can't fork he bolts.

An impertinent fellow wishes to know if you ever sat down to tea where skimmed milk was on the table without being asked, "Do you take cream?"